Pisa. 11 January 1823.

Very ingenious indeed, my dear Richards! Let us hope it is true. So, you keep accounts with the accuracy of a Banker's Clerk, mark your time like St Paul's minute hand, are equal to a guillotine in promptitude and decision, and as for the accusation of "infirmity of purpose", Lord! it was never your fault, but the fault of vile complimentary acquaintances. I'm glad I did not call you bald-headed, for I should have had such a story of a thick curly periwig, — not bought at a barber's, but quite natural, your own growth, and in fact, Brown, though my head may have appeared otherwise to you, my head never was like a tortoise's, but, on the contrary, like a little owl in a monstrous ivy-bush. I've done! I agree to the good character, in the plodding way, that you have given of yourself. And now mark how you are heralded. You are caught, trapped for ever. Negligence in any way will be infamy. You cannot offer an excuse. Unlike any other man, you must always continue regular in your motions as the spheres, or you are damned. You are a star; and if you fall, 'twill be like Lucifer. Thank Heaven, my friend Richards is so wise a man. Why, you're a nonesuch, — and that's the reason that Eve your wife fell in love with so excellent an apple. But what a want of perspicacity on my part! I'm all amark. I can't, [illegible] humming the tune of "O tally Crowker!" I'm a dog without a true scent. Lack a day! I am ever offering an opinion of another, and ever mistaken in that other's opinion. A very sorry dog, — not better than a snarling cur that is of no use but to make quiet honest gentlemen take care I don't tear their coat-tails. You have caught up your's under your elbows, and strut like a Trojan in spite of me. There he goes! He has frightened that barking Carlo from his heels! No hole in his coat, — Pho you so adroitly filched it from my fangs that I have not even hurt the nap. A clever fellow! O dear! I said I'd have done! Then let me, if possible, (and I'm writing before dinner,) talk soberly. And this I must, — that, even now, while you talk of time, you seem to think that time will stay for you. On 2nd. May my £20 will be ready. As this will be in good time, according to your letter, I won't strain a point to make it earlier. I shall write to Marcus to that effect. By all means make your shop smart, — £5, — or 10, — or even £20 damn: it is well laid out on that point; tho' it may gain nothing with many, it will lose nothing with none, and fools and strangers are taken by smartness: How I long to buy a quire of paper & a stick of sealing wax in Richards' shop! So far I will own, — the mere idea of such wisdom is wisdom itself. And will make me proud to see it carried on wisely. How many I am measures I will not mention, — and why should I? the third time, I say I have done. Now about a great deal about him, but not a word to [illegible] thing. I heard of it thro' Galignani's Bilke. An Italian told me it was for a poem. Is this Saint's not buzzed about (and Pisa is an liars) I prophecy, unless will go to England and the letter sent to

Murray, he told me he was actually preparing to go to England, — for it appears he had received news of Cain being legally held blasphemous. I have not heard from Genoa since I wrote to you last, — yes, one letter, but nothing about these subjects. Every one takes it for granted I know every thing about the Liberal, when the truth is I know less than any body who desires to know any thing respecting it. I wrote to John Hunt some time back, but there's no answer yet. Hazlitt's "Lodging-house romance" pleases me in idea extremely; I would rather read that than any of his other works. What you say of Shelley's memory strikes me as written with an inexplicable feeling. Is he called an God? The story you mention against him, respecting his first wife, I have heard repeated oft and oft, and much in the same words. He was then, I believe, 18. Now in such matters, where there is generally more passion than cold heartedness, we should be acquainted with all the circumstances, or haps no judgment. He may have behaved cruelly towards her, or she towards him, — who knows? Suppose, when you & I talked of such a thing, Abby had drowned herself. Would not the world have laid all the blame on me? Or put it thus, had I lived a heretic in Ireland at the time, what would the world of Catholics have said of me? I know more of the particulars of Shelley's first wife's fate. This I know that his character among the Pisans stands high. By every one he was regretted, — they speak no evil of him. Then again, his second wife lived very happily with him. And what a friend has he been to Hunt? And did he not send that kind letter to Keats? — and that same kind offer has been repeated to Severn, just before he was drowned. It requires much to overthrow these positive evidences of a good heart. And even if he was bad at 18, does it follow he could not prove himself good for many years before his death at 33? Here is an Irish Catholic, a bigotted one, his acquaintance, who speaks of his moral conduct with praise, and even of his religion with respect; lately in conversation he denied to me that Shelley was an Atheist, — "say a Theist, Sir." This Irishman is the only British acquaintance I have, saving Carlini, and a young Englishman whose mother is a Greek. The last has just paid me a visit. He studies physic at our University, but studies shooting more. Now this requires a licence (which however is gratis) and to obtain it, the Grand Duke, who lives here in the winter, must be personally petitioned. I tell this anecdote to let you know something of our Grand Duke, who is an extraordinary man in the good line, as every one witnesseth. Away posts this young Englishman, as blunt as any, to the Palace, walks up stairs, and asks for the Grand Duke. A solitary servant opens a door says — "In this chamber, Sir." He enters, makes his bow, and cries out "May it please your Royal Highness, I want a licence for shooting — not in your preserves — I don't ask that — but particularly to shoot the woodcocks in the fens on the side of it, — and I shan't go into your preserves, promising on my part
game," — because it's the nearest way home." After a good humoured laughing mood, he said "But do as well as yourself?" — "O yes, I know your then, answer this question: if in passing come in your way, do you think yo "Humph! that's a hard question thought so, and therefore, you I'll give you no licence preserves excepted". So accessible to all, and

to me, on the part of the Police or such understrappers, I should go bolt to the Palace and state the case. Such conduct he likes, I understand, and I'm sure I like it. Such a case however is not probable. Tuscany's is, to my thinking, the best Government in Europe, if by the best, we are to understand a Government which makes the most happy, – that is, with means to live, & without tyrannys. Where so many are miserable, as in England, Ireland, & Scotland, you may talk of your free-borns as you will, I say that Government is the worst. Yet do I not imagine but that I earnestly desire a Constitution for Tuscany, even though this man were immortal, – yet at present it wants it the least. Other parts of Italy are as distinct as the happy Cottagers in France are to the starved Irish, – no, not quite so, – for that is a distinction that cannot be paralleled. As for the Tuscans themselves, as far as I am acquainted with them, I like them, all in all, better than the English, – you need not start, for I am more a Citizen of the World than an Englishman. Why the devil should a mountain or a river, or another language stamp my daily experience back again to a silly prejudice? Indeed I never was a downright Englishman, – God forbid! When I speak of the kindness of the people of the town where I live, perhaps you will imagine I judge of all others by them, but I am not singular in bestowing an amiable character on the Tuscans. In the week before Xmas Carlino was dangerously ill, inflammation in his bowels was actually beginning. I owe his preservation to my own doctoring, and had I waited for a Doctor either at the first attack, or on the third night, I think I should have lost him. On the third night at 10, I saw the horrid symptoms, and despatched the servants for several articles to the Apothecaries. All their shops were shut. I went down stairs to my Landlord, where every one was at supper. I told them his situation, & wanted to know where an Apothecary lived, that I might knock him up. "O," said the Padrona, "you sit by his bed till you fancy all sorts of things, – come and sit down with us." "Ah, sit down with us", they all echoed. "Sit down!" (and I suppose my manner was exorbitant,) – "are you all crazy? – the child will die at half past twelve!" Never shall I forget the effect of these words. Like soldiers at the word of command every one bolted up from his chair. Among them was a Greek who had studied physic. He went one into the Garden for mallows, the Padrona ran over the way to borrow other matters, all were in motion. Then they came into my sitting room, the Greek administered to my wish, – yet still they staid, and I sat hoping they'd wish me "felicissima notte", – but they would not off, trying to amuse me to their utmost. At last the clock struck one. The Padrona looked at the rest and laughed, and said, "Well now, thank God, the child can't die at half past twelve, – so we need not stay any longer." Ah! my eyes [illegible] the reason for so long a visit. And at day break, one by [illegible] door, asking how the "Bimbo" did, and creeping [illegible] last he slept. "Honest John Bull" might, now and [illegible] much feeling for a Lodger and his child, but [illegible] he stay to finish his supper, and then having [illegible] thought nothing of the father, – at last [illegible] on superstition, though I had [illegible] my thing I desired, yet that [illegible] a bad omen, but he is [illegible] early and most bitterly [illegible] have seen me in the

ditches, without the City, two inches thick. "O dolce Pisa!" Yet notwithstandin
other Italian towns are colder than this, I would even now be off for Florence
but for two reasons, one is that Carlino suffers much from the cold as has been
proved, and the other is that I am so comfortable with these people. So, I shal
not see Florence till May-day. The air of Pisa, good for weak lungs, is to a
hearty strong Englishman injurious. I am convinced of it. It is rare that I
eat with appetite, beyond the two or three first mouth-fulls. Digestion here
is difficult, and a good stomach has bad bile. Not that I suffer from the
last, because I am careful to prevent it. Exercise makes little difference
with me. I walked to Leghorn a short time ago, but neither there, nor there
on my return, had I an appetite. Still my health is excellent, Eating a
severe cold I caught in watching the child. That you teach my Godson to

Pisa
Inglese
Pisa
Per Favore
Lord Byron
Leghorn
Per favore Passaport
Lord Byron
Inglese
Londra
Per favore
Lord Byron
Inglese
Pisa

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